

B. FRANC IRVINE
DAYLIGHT AND DARK ARE MINE
ALIKE TO USE

Magner White

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**M.C. MIGEL LIBRARY
AMERICAN PRINTING
HOUSE FOR THE BLIND**

“Daylight And Dark Are Mine Alike To Use”

The story of B. Frank Irvine, blind editor of the “Oregon Journal”—For twelve years the fear of blindness was before him, and when the blow fell it turned out to be a challenge to him to make more of his life

MORE than twenty years ago, B. Frank Irvine, then of Corvallis, Oregon, took a trip to San Francisco, California, accompanied by Mrs. Irvine. They were gone three weeks. When he returned to his business at Corvallis—he was running a small newspaper there—Mr. Irvine had passed the turning point in his life. For the thing he had been dreading and fearing for twelve years had happened to him while he was in San Francisco.

But B. Frank Irvine was far from downcast when he returned to Corvallis. He went about with a new enthusiasm, a new determination. As I have said, he had passed the turning point. From that day he went straight ahead.

Many men have told in these pages the interesting and often inspiring stories of how the turning points came in their lives—those incidents or events from when they have since dated their worth-while achievements.

But it was no ordinary thing that marked the turn in the career of B. Frank Irvine. It was something extraordinary! When he was in his early thirties, and just entering the real earning period of his life, he went blind!

This, then, was the calamity that was upon him when he returned from San Francisco to Corvallis to resume his place in the world. Although he had been fearing blindness for twelve years, when it did come it came on swiftly, with only three days of warning.

As the San Francisco train crawled over the California and Oregon mountains the young man was thinking how he was going to make his newspaper bigger, and planning his adjustment to the new situation.

He was restless, eager to get home.

The next morning he was at his office earlier than he had been for months. He plunged in, and lost himself in work.

He did make his newspaper bigger. He did more. He made himself bigger. He became one of the most widely quoted

By Magner White

“country editors” on the Pacific coast. He became a leader in his community.

The management of a big daily newspaper in Portland, Oregon, heard his editorial voice and beat a path to his door. He was offered a job as editorial writer on the daily.

To-day he is editor of that newspaper, the “Oregon Journal,” the largest evening newspaper in the northwestern part of the United States. And he is an outstanding

addresses, and he accepts as many of these invitations as he can, because he likes to encourage young people to make the most of themselves and their opportunities.

“I have not had a melancholy thought in fifteen years!” Mr. Irvine told me.

And no wonder, for he lives a most active and interesting life. Last winter he was a member of five dancing clubs.

Every day at noon he takes a swim at the Multnomah Club, never less than a half-mile, and often a mile.

He likes to get out on the Willamette River and, with a friend at the rudder, take out after one of the big Columbia River freighters in a row-boat.

HIS self-reliance is a constant wonder to his friends and associates. “We here in the ‘Journal’ office never think of him as blind,” the managing editor told me.

Mrs. Irvine is his “eyes.” She reads the newspapers to him, gives him suggestions for his editorial page, and, particularly, she sees that he stays in the forefront ranks of Portland’s best and neatest dressers.

“How did you feel when you knew you were blind at last?” I asked him.

“Relieved!” he replied. “Twelve years of fear, of misery, of vain hoping and uncertainty had come to an end. I knew exactly for the first time what I was up against. Why, I could hardly wait for the train to get home so I could get back into harness again.

“What astonished me most was that the blow was nothing, absolutely *nothing*, compared with what I had expected it to be. Worry! Say, I built enough bridges of worry in those twelve years of uncertainty to have spanned every ocean in the world!

“I remember my first day at the office: I got down early, eager to find out how I was going to get along. About the place was a queer chap who did general chores. He was a Russian; a graduate from some European university—one of those mysterious personages from nowhere often seen in small towns.

Imagining What Might Happen Is a Fine Way to Waste Time!

WORRYING is the most inefficient use you can make of your mind—and I’ll tell you why,” says Mr. Irvine. “In any situation it is true that there may be as many as a thousand possibilities. But there are only three or four probabilities. Now, when you worry, your imagination gets away from you. You find yourself looking at all the things that *might happen*—and you can’t see the probabilities for the confusion, or the woods for the trees, as the old saying is.

“That’s why it’s useless to worry. Try to reason. Worrying is just wild guessing against odds.

“Well, when blindness came on me not a darned one of the things I had thought for years might happen actually did happen. I didn’t drop out of the current of life; I didn’t become a parasite on my family; I didn’t lose my business. Instead, I began to find out that I could depend on myself, and I began to get a confidence in myself I had never had before.”

figure in journalism on the Pacific coast.

He is a man of many and varied friendships. Many people call at his office to visit with him—railroad presidents, high government officials, famous actors and actresses, pioneers who knew him forty years ago, newsboys, a mother with a blind son. He is a man people like to talk to, because he has learned some of the greatest lessons of life, and has not become embittered in the tests.

He is in constant demand over all Oregon, and, indeed, over much of the Northwest, as a speaker. Schools besiege him every June to make graduation

Helga thought, "I've got past that barrier!"
But she hadn't.

"Yes," Bess said, "and he's so good!"

And that was all. But Helga was not sorry then that she had said a word against Grandma Wheeler.

A WEEK later there was a box for the Wheelers, and Helga drove up beside the house with it. Bess was out weeding the flowers. Helga could see her childish short hair and slender shoulders bent above the brightness. She was like a flower herself, Helga thought.

"Oh, has them separator pieces come at last?" Grandma Wheeler said from the doorway. "Set 'em right on the steps, Helga. I'm up to my ears in canning! The early cherries have come on awful fast. I've got twenty quarts on the stove right now; I been up since four a-pittin' 'em. It's some job—all alone!"

Helga felt anger rise within her at those last words. She wondered why Bess hadn't helped. Grandma Wheeler told her soon enough.

"Bess is in one of her sulks this morning. She can't take a word of advice! Pretty contrary, uppish sort of folks, I always thought, that couldn't take advice from folks a lot older. All I wanted of her was for her to change her apron. Anybody knows cherry stains are bad to get out, and she had on one of her best aprons. I can't stand anybody that sulks!"

"But it was *her* apron, wasn't it?" Helga asked, a little tartly.

"What if it was? Does she have to ruin it?"

Helga felt again that wave of anger. She found herself driving away without answering. She stopped by the flower beds and spoke directly to Bess.

"It's none of my business," she said, "but why don't you and Ed leave here and live somewhere else?"

Bess looked up. Her eyes were not sulky. They were still and bewildered. She looked frozen inside.

"I don't know," she said. "You just can't seem to go. She's all alone, you know!"

Helga couldn't find anything more to say.



"It does me good to look at your flowers," she brought out at last. "Folks up this way don't do much with flowers. I don't know why, when it comforts so just to look at them." (Continued on page 90)

"You got a place to stow us away for the night, Helga?" he asked

"Get a pencil and some paper," I said him. "I'm going to dictate some copy next week's paper."

"I couldn't then afford to have a stenographer."

"It was laborious work. The Russian ten had to stop me while he caught up, for he was taking it down in longhand. He misunderstood some of the words, and didn't know how to spell some of those he understood."

"Finally, after two days of it, I couldn't stand it any longer. I stepped over to my typewriter, slipped some paper into the carriage, and started writing. Say, that was a thrill! I poured the copy out."

"Now, why had I wasted two days trying to dictate? I had learned the touch system of typewriting. Why, then, didn't I write? I was afraid, afraid I couldn't do it—and as long as I felt that way, I couldn't. Worry and imagination again, you see."

"The Russian looked at my copy. 'Why, hat's fine!' he said, 'You've hit a capital for an A a couple of times, and there's a mistake here; but outside of that it's as good as you've ever done.'"

BEFORE we proceed with his story I want you to have a glimpse of Mr. Irvine. He is about medium height. His hair is a beautiful iron gray and his head is leonine, giving him the appearance, when he is at his desk, of being much taller than he really is.

His face is marked with several lines, souvenirs of a thrilling automobile accident, about which he will tell you later.

He declined to tell me his age, but I suspect it is somewhere around sixty. This is deduced not from anything in his appearance but from piecing together details of his history. His step is brisk and springy.

He is a hard worker. When you realize that he must get from what is read to him a sweep of world affairs wide enough to enable him to write from one to three columns of editorials a day, in addition to directing the general news policy of the paper, you can appreciate how vast must be his capacity for work, and his ability to visualize conditions and memorize facts.

He doesn't have the advantage other editorial writers have of being able to jot down a fact or a figure and file it away for use later in the day. He must remember it until he is ready to use it.

In learning to spell and remember the thousands of new words that have come into our language in the past twenty years, or since he has been blind, he doesn't have the advantage of making mental pictures of the printed words, but must remember the letter sounds.

"I haven't any particular system for remembering," he told me. "I simply store up the facts I want, and when I need them I find them right on tap. Practice does it—a conscious effort to remember."

Mr. Irvine was born in Scio, Oregon, a small town near Salem, the state capital. His father, originally from Kentucky and

the news, writing the advertisements and setting the type himself. Sometimes he cleared as much as four dollars on a single issue.

But Scio was small, and Frank had his schooling to look after, so the little newspaper died a natural death.

The experience had given the boy a taste of newspaper writing, however, and after that he began to send news items from Scio to the newspapers in larger towns. His masterpiece, at the age of thirteen, was the story of a fire in Scio. "Doc" Dodge's house got on fire. In the excitement, Dave Mason got caught on a picket fence and couldn't get up or down.

Frank wrote the story of Dave's predicament and sent it to the Albany "Democrat," which printed it. That brought the positive conviction to many people in Scio that Frank should be a writer—and he thought so too.

BUT I lacked the self-confidence," he told me, "to go to a bigger town and ask for a newspaper job.

"My first real occupation was teaching school. Father was able, by the time I was old enough, to send me to Willamette University, from which I was graduated with a B. S. degree. There were no high schools in Oregon then. Teachers taught 'by the pupil,' five dollars for each one. I was fortunate in having teachers who took a special interest in me, and before I left Scio I had had trigonometry, advanced geometry, algebra, and Latin.

"When I returned from college, the Scio school board offered me the local school. It was a voluntary offer on their part. I took the job.

"Teaching school in your own home town is no snap. An atmosphere of dignity was expected of pedagogues in those days, and you can imagine my mortification over the fact that three fourths of the kids called me 'Frank' instead of 'Mr. Irvine.' Some of the boys were as big and as old as I.

"But we got along fine. They liked me, and obeyed me.

"The school that year had a bigger attendance than was anticipated. I took in so much money at five dollars a head that I was able to hire an assistant, and have nearly one hundred dollars a month for myself after paying her.

"I was saving money, and the outlook was promising. (Continued on page 71)

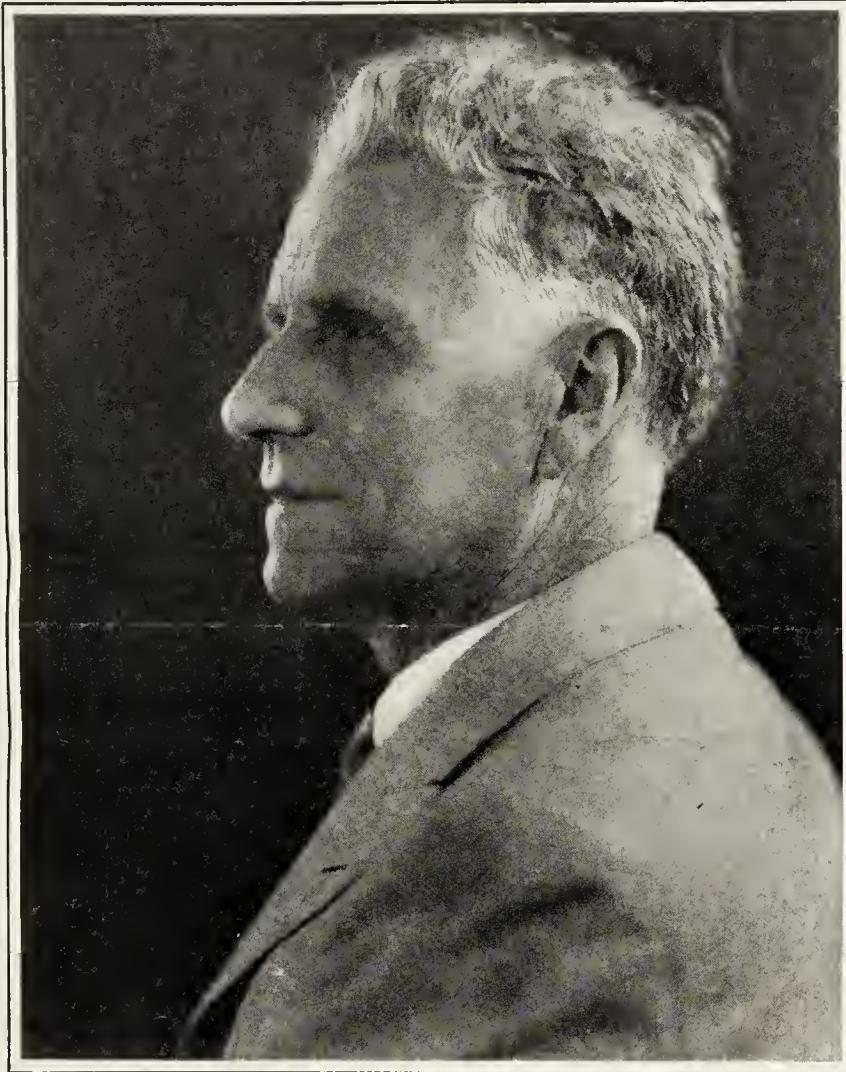


PHOTO BY BERGER STUDIO, PORTLAND, OREGON

Although an urge to run a newspaper was in his blood, B. Frank Irvine tried out teaching, telegraph operating, clerking and dairy ranching before he became editor of the "Times," Corvallis, Oregon. While editing this paper he lost his sight. But his writing had attracted wide attention, and led first to the position of editorial writer on the "Oregon Journal," and later to its editorship, in 1920. In this article Mr. Irvine tells you why he no longer thinks melancholy thoughts

one of the pioneers, operated a small store, and for a time was in the livery stable business when Mr. Irvine was a boy.

HE WAS always alert to advance the interests of Scio, and one of the things he did was to finance a man in the establishment of a small newspaper. The venture failed, and the elder Irvine was left with the plant on his hands. Frank took it over and got out a four-column paper which he called the "Semi-Occasional," a true description, he says, of its career. As the spirit and business conditions moved him he got out an issue, collecting

Lathrop Studied Art Behind The Plow

He looked and saw that beauty is everywhere—in the newly-turned earth, in stones, even in banks of mud; and he longed to paint the wonders his eyes revealed to him—He dreamed, he worked, he suffered disappointment; and then, at last, won fame by his pictures of simple scenes

By Sherman Gwinn

ON THE easel, in the raftered studio that was more than a century old, sat an almost completed picture. As I studied it—a novice, without any training in art—I wondered where I had seen that picture before.

A narrow little country road wound by a woods toward a city on the hill. The late afternoon sun gilded the tops of the distant buildings, and yellowed the green of the friendly trees. Already, shadows of the spring evening were gathering.

There was something warmly intimate about this painted scene that lacked only the final touches of the artist's brush. Familiar as a soothing memory was it; and yet I did not know the road, nor the city. Both seemed vaguely to belong not to fact but to almost forgotten dreams.

And then the artist, who stood at my elbow, spoke. He spoke as if I had become part of the picture, as if I were walking down the painted road.

"It is long ago," he said softly. "You have been wandering in the country, and this late spring day has been one of the happiest of your life. Now, as evening nears, tired and hungry you are approaching home. See, the city is in view as you turn the bend in the road. You are a little sad that the end of the day has come, and yet glad, for home, the haven, is just ahead."

Suddenly, I was a part of the picture, and the picture was a part of me! I remembered the very day, that very road. The city on the hill, which I had never seen in fact, was my city. This painting was a golden page out of my past, revived that I might relive it in memory. Again I felt the thrill of that bygone day.

Marveling and silent, I pondered the mystery of this bit of painted canvas which had rescued from the past a cherished experience I had all but lost. The picture had been conceived—perhaps years before—by a man to whom, until an hour ago, I had been a cipher. Not once had

our paths crossed. Yet, as he had painted, a day of mine had sat as his model, a day that even I had almost forgotten. And now, like an old friend, his picture reminded me of that day!

Presently, the artist showed me other pictures: a corner of a wood on a drowsy summer day; a wind-swept bit of coast over which a storm gathered; a lonely hill-top at dusk. Each brought back memories such as come upon the leafing of a dusty

lion minds! That lone road over the hill at dusk—it belonged to every person who had ever stood alone and, bound by duty, had faced the night!

"Hang any one of these pictures in any home," I thought, "and daily it will stir cherished memories. Day in and day out, it will help folks over the troubles of the moment by recalling them to the happiness of the past. It will shed light, like a glowing candle in a dark room."

I turned to the artist, to this builder of monuments to gone hours and gone days. Tall, straight, hair and beard grizzled by his sixty-eight years, he himself in that old studio setting appeared worthy of a master's brush. Here again, in the man himself was an inspiring picture.

YEARS ago, on a little impoverished Ohio farm facing the expanse of Lake Erie, he, a farm boy, had dreamed of painting pictures. His first canvases were scraps of linen from his mother's ragbag, bits of paper, pieces of white board, and the pages of his school books. His brushes were such as the druggist kept in stock for medical use. His paints were those to be found about any farm, left over from painting the house, the barn, or a shed.

He was self-educated in art. He had never attended an art school, nor studied art under a tutor. The work which he had done was exclusively his own, born within himself.

And this work of his, over the years, had received some of the highest awards in the field of landscape art: the W. T. Evans prize, the Webb prize, the First Altman medal of the National Academy of Design, gold medals of the Philadelphia Art Club and of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, gold and silver medals at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, to mention just a few.

His landscapes were represented in the country's most famous permanent collections, including that of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, (Continued on page 146)

You See Beauty Where You Have Learned to Look for It

"I LEARNED that comfort and ease—and cost—have nothing to do with real beauty," says Mr. Lathrop. "The costliest house is often an atrocity; the humble cottage may be a jewel of beauty. To me, an old freighter, rust-streaked and battered by the storms, is more beautiful than a newly painted ship. Its sears are the wound chevrons of its service. The seas, and not men, have painted its colors; and the seas are master artists.

"You may see beauty in the newly painted ship. The old freighter, you may say, is ugly. The view you take is the consequence of your training. You have been taught, perhaps, that the thing which suggests comfort, ease, and luxury is beautiful, and that which suggests discomfort and toil is unbeautiful."

album, untouched for years. Each revived its hour, its day.

AND there in the raftered studio, I realized why this painter of landscapes, William L. Lathrop, has been called great. He was not a painter of pictures, but a painter of memories. These, caught and made lasting by his brush, did not belong to me nor to anyone alone. They were the common property of mankind.

That unfinished painting on the easel, of the day's end with home in sight, it belonged to every man and woman who ever had experienced such a day—and who of us has not! That drowsy bit of summer woods—it could conjure dreams in a mil-

"Daylight and Dark Are Mine Alike to Use"

(Continued from page 33)

"But, unfortunately for me, there was a canny old Scotchman on the school board.

"The next year I was offered the school again, but at a flat salary of sixty dollars a month.

"Somebody else got that sixty dollars a month. I wouldn't have it. Instead, I went to Marion, seven miles away, and hung around the railroad station about a year without pay while I learned the telegraph code and picked up enough information to enable me to get a job as an operator. I lived on the money I had saved teaching school.

"The train dispatcher finally put me on as relief operator. During the vacation period I traveled from station to station, relieving operators who wanted to get away, or filling in-between regulars.

"Assignments were not very frequent, and my money kept dwindling. By the time I got down to seven dollars and very few clothes, the dispatcher gave me the job of agent at a new station opened at Corvallis. Corvallis was a terminal point then, and a very busy little city.

IN COLLEGE I had made it a rule to learn at least one important, valuable thing a day, and the whole field of railroading was now open to my inquiry. There was nothing organized about my effort to acquire knowledge; I simply listened to everything I heard: the comments of trainmen, executive officers of the road and so on, and read all I could find on railroading.

"Years later when, as editor of this newspaper, my duties required me to comment editorially on various phases of railroading this knowledge came in handy. I remember an instance:

"There was an accident at Celilo. Seven people were killed in a head-on collision. The engineer and conductor of one of the trains were fired by the railroad company.

"I couldn't believe that those men, both old in service and nearing the pension age, could be so plainly to blame for the wreck as at first seemed the case.

"It developed that, instead of a regular block signal, the stretch of track where the wreck occurred was protected by a telephone system. It happened that when one conductor was telephoning ahead, in the case I'm telling you about, the other had already rung and, getting no answer, had passed on. The second conductor, getting no answer, also ordered his train ahead.

"They had done all they could do with the equipment at hand. But as the public didn't understand railroading, it wanted the trainmen punished, and the railroad company dismissed them.

"I went to bat for those two loyal employees. Time and again the 'Journal' hammered on the fact that the fault was not with the men, but with the equipment they had to work with.

"The Oregon public service commission finally ordered an investigation. When the facts were sifted, the men were found to have been in no way negligent, and the railroad company restored

them to duty with full pension privileges.

"Without the experience I had gained in the business, I would never have been able to present the case of those two old men to the public as effectively as I did.

"Among my railroad friends during the three years I was in the station at Corvallis was a young locomotive fireman. He was a powerful chap. His favorite pastime was boxing.

"One day, while we were having a friendly match in a box car at the side of the depot, he accidentally hit me in the left eye with what must have been all his might. The blow sent me spinning to the other end of the car, and my eye felt as though it were occupied by a lot of lightning.

"My eye blackened and swelled. It is possible that my vision in that eye had been defective for years. I remember that when we youngsters used to go strawberrying in Scio, I could never find any strawberries—couldn't see them, I guess.

"Anyway, from the day of that blow my eye gave me discomfort. That was the beginning of the twelve years of trouble that led to this." And Mr. Irvine tapped his temple with his finger tips.

All the time he worked at railroading Mr. Irvine was editing for the Corvallis newspaper. As he was at a point where he could watch the comings and goings of everybody in town he kept the newspaper supplied with this type of news.

"My dream in those days," he told me, "was to have a job like the one I have now; but I lacked the confidence necessary to try to get one. As a matter of fact, I wasn't ready for such a job.

"The enthusiasm I had had for railroading began to wear off and, lacking this interest, I found it more and more difficult to learn something new every day. Added to this waning of enthusiasm was the constant reminder that railroad jobs were becoming more insecure all the time.

"Feeling this way, I was ripe for the proposition when my brother-in-law suggested that we buy out a boot and shoe store in Corvallis.

"The most important thing I learned in that business was that the commercial instinct is totally lacking in my make-up.

MY EYES were steadily failing. The size numbers on the shoe boxes were so small I couldn't see them, and I had the boxes marked with a code system of letters. The letters were three quarters of an inch high.

"But the first real definite feeling that I was going blind came one day when I was driving a horse and buggy from Corvallis to Brownsville, a distance of twenty-four miles. I had difficulty in seeing the road. The trip convinced me that sooner or later I would be totally blind.

"Mrs. Irvine sensed the situation. She and one or two of her friends took up stenography, studying together at each other's homes. Do you think I didn't know why she was studying so earnestly?

"I was proud to know that she was willing to prepare herself for whatever

extra burdens the future might bring; but, even so, the fact that she thought it necessary filled me with gloom.

"Any reference to my eyes became embarrassing to me. My imagination was running amuck, and my self-confidence was dying. When a chance came to sell the store, I was glad. I wanted to get away where people couldn't see me—where they couldn't pity me.

MY FATHER owned a dairy ranch near Sprague, Washington. I leased it, and we spent four years and a half on the place.

"The work was hard, and I lost myself in it—a blessed relief from thinking of myself so much. I did my share of the milking, led about by a small boy. We had between fifty and sixty cows. I helped with everything, from digging post holes to harvesting.

"But my horizon kept coming closer and closer. Trees I had once been able to see disappeared in the blur. In the late '90s, I went to New York and had an operation on my left eye. It became much better.

"In February—we had gone East in September—I returned to Sprague with my eyesight about fifty per cent of normal. A tree down in a hollow a mile away showed up perfectly plain. I had never seen it from that point before, and the sight was some thrill, believe me.

"But—the other eye, the one I had been depending on when the left eye was so bad, began to fail! In a year or two, conditions had completely reversed: My left eye was the 'good one,' and the right was the failing one.

"My sight was slowly, very slowly, failing again.

"Ranching wasn't a successful venture. Finally, thoroughly discouraged, I sold my personal property on the place and went back to Corvallis.

"I decided to end once and for all the urge that had been breaking out in my mind every so often—the urge to buy a newspaper.

"Corvallis had two newspapers by that time—the 'Gazette' and the 'Times.' The 'Gazette' wasn't for sale; the 'Times' could be had for \$5,000 with \$1,000 down.

"A banker there agreed to lend me \$500, to be secured with a mortgage on the plant. I went to a groceryman friend of mine and asked him to lend me the other \$500.

"With fifty dollars as operating capital, I walked into the 'Times' office and became proprietor. It was a proud moment; but it would have been followed by a lot of sad ones but for Mrs. Irvine.

"I've told you that I haven't the commercial instinct. There Mrs. Irvine came in. I devoted my time to getting out the paper, and to taking part in civic affairs. She ran the business, made collections, did the buying, paid the bills, and so on.

"I made it my business to study the needs of Corvallis. We backed a gravity water-system project, and a sewer system,

and put them both over. My fellow townsmen honored me with the office of mayor.

"The business grew, and I changed the paper to a semi-weekly.

"BUT all the time—my eyes! One night there came a streak over my left eye; the next morning it had spread further; the next night still further.

"Mrs. Irvine and I got on the train and rushed to San Francisco. An oculist told me a strange condition was developing in both my eyes that would eventually leave me blind—and that the time was not many hours away.

"Within three days, while I was lying on a cot in a hotel room in San Francisco, the blow fell. I felt it coming. A light seven feet away suddenly grew dimmer, and went out! I was blind.

"For a few days the oculist continued his treatment, to make it easier for me to bear the affliction. Then we got on the train and went home.

"I was anxious to get back to my work. 'Now,' I said to myself, 'I don't have to worry any more about my eyes. I know what I'm up against, and from here on I'm going straight ahead.'

"Mrs. Irvine did my reading for me, and kept me posted on all the topics of the day.

"I gave special attention to farming topics. One day I wrote an article on the coöperative movement started by a handful of apple growers at Hood River, Oregon. They were the first in the West to point the way to coöperative farm marketing. Mr. C. S. Jackson, publisher of the Oregon 'Journal,' saw it. He wrote at once and asked if I wouldn't write similar articles and editorials regularly for the 'Journal.' I lost no time in getting some copy to him. Every line I sent was used.

"Finally, in September, 1907, he asked me to come to Portland and write editorials for the 'Journal.'

"My dream had come true! I accepted on the spot, rushed back to Corvallis, leased the 'Times' for a year and returned with my family to Portland. I later sold the 'Times.'

"My first day on the 'Journal' was a hectic one. The racket of a city newspaper room was new to me. It took me all day to write an editorial that I wrote ordinarily in fifteen or twenty minutes.

"In the room where they put me was a boy with a foghorn voice. He was an eager youth, very much interested in sports. Every time I got settled down to write, he would yell across to the sporting editor for details on some sporting event. As I was interested in sports too, it was difficult for me to concentrate.

"Now, I had anticipated something like this, so before I left Corvallis I wrote a handful of editorials. Whenever I thought the proper period of time had passed, those first three or four days, I'd slip one of these editorials out of my pocket and send it to the composing-room. This stratagem got me by, and nobody was any the wiser."

Mr. Irvine would rather be editor of the "Journal" than governor of Oregon. He proved it once when he headed off a spontaneous movement for his nomination that was sweeping the state.

"I feel there is a bigger work for me to do here," was his reply to those eager to honor him with the highest office the state can offer.

"Mr. Irvine," I said, "what is it that keeps you so happy?"

"The things I *see!*" he replied. "If, by touching a button I could restore my sight, I would hesitate a minute or two while I took leave of the beautiful world I'm living in now. I am blind; but I see a side of life that many do not see.

"A kind word, a touch, a deed—every day some beautiful token of human kindness comes to me. There is so much more goodness and kindness and fairness in the world than most people realize.

"It sounds odd to you, I know, for me to say I see things—but I do see them. I don't see the faces of my friends, but I see their souls, their real personalities—for, realizing my condition, no one tries to bluff me."

I asked Mr. Irvine to tell me about the automobile accident that left such deep lines on his face.

"A party of us were going to Hood River to a meeting of business men and farmers. In the crowd was a woman singer, her accompanist, a swimming partner of mine named James Sayer, and myself. I was to speak.

"Traveling down a five per cent grade on the Columbia highway, we hit a spot where the sun hadn't had a chance to shine yet—it was early in the forenoon. The driver stepped on his brake, skidded, and then things commenced to happen.

"The back end of the car began to sway. It felt as though we were running down a railroad track. I gripped my seat and waited. In about five seconds there was a terrific bump. The car had left the pavement and run into a telephone pole. The pole was snapped off like a twig.

"I was thrown into the windshield. The first thing I did was yell to see if my friend, Jim Sayer, was hurt. There was no answer. I opened the door and stumbled out of the car. Someone said, 'Your friend is hurt, Mr. Irvine.'

"I FELL down in a heap beside the road. The next thing I knew somebody was wiping my face. I didn't feel any pain. The blow had evidently blocked a nerve center.

"What are you trying to do?" I asked.

"Your face is badly cut up," was the reply. "Don't move."

"The woman singer and her accompanist were both injured; but Jim Sayer was hurt worse than anyone else. He was unconscious for more than an hour. They rushed us to Hood River, bandaged us up, and we went on to the meeting."

I asked Jim Sayer about the incident. "I want to add just one thing to what Mr. Irvine has told you," he said. "After we got to the meeting, Frank, with one wound that had been sewed up with twelve stitches, went ahead and made his speech!"

Spectators at the Multnomah Club swimming pool are often amazed at Mr. Irvine's endurance in the water.

"It is a pity everyone doesn't realize the benefit of a daily swim," he said to me. "I leave the office at noon tired out, take a swim, have lunch, and come back fresher than I was in the morning."

"How did you come to take up swimming? Weren't you afraid of the water?" I inquired.

"Yes, I was afraid I would be afraid; but that was just my imagination working overtime again. When I was a boy, I pretty nearly lived in the water of a river near Scio. I was a good swimmer. I might just as well have had the pleasure of that sport all along, but I never supposed I could get around in the water after I lost my eyesight.

"One day three of my friends dropped into the office. I asked where they were going.

"'Swimmin'," one of them said. "Want to go along?"

"He was only jesting, but I said, 'Sure. I'll go.'

"Mrs. Irvine spoke right up, 'No! You'll do nothing of the kind. Why, you might get drowned. You couldn't take care of yourself.'

"Well, there was a challenge—and so I went.

MY FRIENDS led me to the pool, told me how far it was to the other side, and turned me loose. I took two or three experimental strokes, and all at once the glorious pleasure of it came over me. Here was a brand-new activity I had been overlooking. I struck out for the other side as hard as I could swim!

"My friends took after me—to see that I didn't drown, I guess. I thought they were racing me, and put on some more steam.

"I touched the other side—the first one across, and as happy as I could be. They had a time getting me out of the water; and, except when I'm out of town or the tank is closed for repairs, I have never missed a daily swim since.

"Next to swimming I like dancing—the swing of the music, the joyous frivolity of the conversation, the enlightening phrases from the language of youth, which are a constant source of amusement and wonder to me. It is an offset to the hours of serious thinking I must go through here in the office.

"People often ask me how I manage to get about the ballroom. There seems to be a sense, I don't know just what it is, by which I realize when another couple approaches. One's partner, too, is always giving little signals of warning without realizing it.

"Voices tell me a lot about a person. When you are able to see a person, you miss so much that is revealed in the voice. When we are sad, our voices reflect it—even when we try to cover up any signs of grief. When a person is happy a wonderful quality develops in the voice, a greater resonance and a more vibrant quality.

"Oh, I'm in contact with life," Mr. Irvine said. "You consider me, I suppose, a very dependent person. But in many ways blindness gives me freedom!"

"I can 'shut myself up in my mind' any time, anywhere. Concentration has become a habit, because I can't look out of my window and see something to distract my attention.

"Except for the sympathy I feel for my friends, or when it stops the 'Journal's' presses, it means nothing to me when the lights go out. All time is mine to use, daylight and dark."

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